



"Does the postman in Indiana, or in some little village in England realize what our foot soldiers are doing to win this war? Every citizen . . . has a right to know how important to our victories are the fighting spirit, the sense of duty and the gallantry and fortitude of our ground forces. When the story is fully told, their accomplishments will fill many of the brightest pages of our war history." — Gen DWIGHT D EISENHOWER, Allied Commander-in-Chief.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



No doubt you saw, in the public prints this wk mention of the pledge given by Gen Mihallovich to Yugoslavia's young king, Peter II, whose headquarters have lately been moved from London to Cairo. In this document, the Chetnik leader gave assurance that he would not attack the partisans, and would fight them only in self-defense.

Mihallovich is, as you know, Peter's minister of war. Although there have been efforts to discredit him, and even to imply that he was an enemy tool, opinion now seems to be that he is trying sincerely to hold together something resembling a nat'l army, to aid the Allies in coming Balkan campaigns.

A rival band is headed by the Croat, Josip ("Tito") Brozovich. These guerrillas are known as partisans. This group has the backing of Moscow, and there cannot be much doubt that its members are inspired and guided by Communist tenets.

Both groups have been fighting Nazis—and battling each other as a side issue.

This condition of political division reflects a situation that is at least insipient thru-out the Balkans. And, as we have previously pointed out, much the same state of affairs has long existed in China. It is a story too rarely told.

If the present Moscow conference, or a subsequent meeting of principals, can develop a satisfactory pattern for settlement of these internal disputes, it shall have done much to speed our victory. The alternative is an era of bitterness and bickering that may long survive a Nazi defeat.

WORLD WEEK

Quote

prophesies . . .

TAXES: Chances for a new tax law this yr, do not improve. We anticipated early action because of coming political developments. We now forecast that if tax plan is not well advanced by Jan 1, *there will be no new tax legislation until after Nov '44 elections.*

TEACHERS-PAY BILL: Would have passed this wk, except for amendment prohibiting "racial discrimination" in pay allotments. This proviso aroused ire of So Democrats, with result bill was sent back to committee. Slim chance of emerging this yr.

With the American and British envoys resolved *not* to discuss a 2nd front, and with Russia not disposed to discuss anything else, the Moscow conference opens under an obvious handicap. News from the Dnieper definitely strengthens the Russian hand. It is not an auspicious moment, diplomatically, for Mr Hull and Mr Eden.

RUSSIAN FRONT: Germans have now reached the "crying-in-the-beer" stage. Reports from Berlin correspondents of the Swedish press this wk were frankly defeatist. They credited high Nazi officials with the blunt statement that "along the entire Eastern front, the outlook has never been gloomier". Nazis, at the moment, face a disaster of such catastrophic proportions as to dwarf any setback they have yet encountered, Stalingrad included. Quite probably, by the time you read these lines it shall have begun to develop.

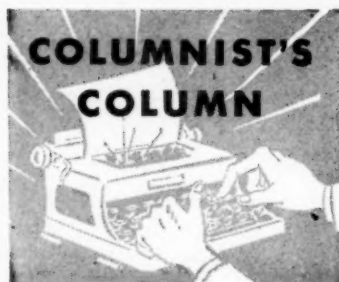
In addition to the probable isolation of the whole Dnieper bend, and a forced retreat (with staggering losses) from the Crimea, the Berlin radio itself is authority for the statement that Russian troops are concentrating strongly in the Leningrad area. We have been anticipating a powerful drive by Red army in the north, offsetting Nazi strategy of retreat away from the homeland, as explained last wk. Such a drive, launched this winter, *could* push thru the little countries and penetrate the heart of the Reich.

POLITICAL IMPLICATIONS:

Now, it is perfectly obvious that Stockholm could not print the purple portents of its Berlin correspondents unless the Germans *wanted* these doleful dispatches publicised. Why should Germany *want* to advertise its dire plight? One hint comes in a little-heralded ~~one~~ announcement that the recent conference of military leaders was called, not by Hitler, but by "the chief of the high command" (Field Marshal Keitel). The military took the initiative. Conceivably, they *might* take a 2nd step—ousting of the Fuehrer. Every informed person has expected this move eventually. Perhaps it is later than we think.

Now, such a step might very well be preliminary to a strong campaign for separate peace with Russia. We do not now believe that Russia will sign a premature pact of peace with *any* German Gov't. But, as we have pointed out before, there are obvious circumlocutions. The Red army might simply hold its positions at some determined point, without formal armistice. And it is entirely conceivable that the Kremlin might recognize a Hitler-less German gov't, as a diplomatic gesture without going so far as to break its covenant with Britain. But we should hardly expect this move before the Leningrad drive demonstrates Russian potential power.





Barnum Was Wrong
From YANK, The Army
Newspaper

There are plenty of enemy propaganda rumors being circulated within our Army. We are not surprised about that. But we are surprised at the way Americans in the armed forces keep falling for them. Not the clever ones, either, but the cock-and-bull stories anyone with intelligence ought to see thru.

Take for instance that rumor about Mrs Roosevelt and the Marines (in Panama rumor-spreaders put the Army into it instead of the Marines). The story is Mrs Roosevelt made a speech on the radio demanding that no marine should be allowed to return home after foreign service, or to marry, until he had proper medical treatment for you-know-what. Not only that, Mrs Roosevelt was supposed to have said she was in favor of segregating returning marines on an island off the coast until they were certified as clean.

How anybody could believe that one is beyond us. But Mrs Roosevelt reported in her newspaper column recently that during her travels in the Pacific she heard about marines in New Zealand who not only believed it but were plenty sore about it. None of them, of course, heard it on the radio himself. They got it from somebody who heard it from somebody else.

As Mrs Roosevelt points out, no broadcasting company would ever allow her to make such statements over the air. "I have never made them either in public or private because such thoughts have never been in my mind," she adds.

If P T Barnum heard about the way some soldiers, sailors and marines swallow rumors, he would probably change his estimation of the birth rate of suckers. In the armed forces, there is one born every 30 seconds.

ARGUMENT

"The less a thing can be proved the madder people get when they argue about it."—"Aunt Het," ROBERT QUILLLEN.

AXIS—Defeat

The day Hitler announced he would not remove his uniform until he had won the war was the day he selected his shroud.—WALTER WINCHELL.

CRITICISM

I knew a young artist who had a genius for picking out another's weakness or affectation.

One night this young man had a dream. He saw himself on a barren road, struggling beneath a heavy burden. He cried out as he strove to support it: "What is this weight that I must carry? Why must I carry it?"

From somewhere he seemed to hear: "It is the weight of the faults you have found in others. Why do you complain? You discovered them—should they not belong to you now?"—MAURICE MAETERLINCK, "The Right to Criticise", *Cosmopolitan*, 8-'43.

CYNICISM

Two members were examining a newly-refurbished motto, in the lobby of the Elks club. It reads:

"The faults of our brothers we write upon the sand; their virtues upon tablets of love and memory."

At this moment, there was a loud noise in the street outside.

"What was that?" inquired one.

"Probably" said his cynical companion, "a truck bringing up another load of sand."—KENNETH NICHOLS, "The Town Crier", *Akron Beacon-Journal*.

EDUCATION—Youth

Merely keeping more boys and girls in school longer does not mean that they will be better educated. There is reason to believe that the high school graduate of today does not get anywhere near the education of 30 or 40 yrs ago. . . . To quote Prof Waller, of Columbia U: "The situation is becoming worse, and a generation of poor education is ahead."—"What About Education?" in the dep't, "The Trading Post", *Business Week*, 10-2-'43.

1955

Wm T Benton, v-p U of Chicago, brought this story back from London, to illustrate the cynical attitude some Englishmen already are adopting with respect to the coming peace:

The yr is 1955. Two men are chatting over the bar of the Adlon hotel, in Berlin. The war has been over for some time, almost forgotten, in fact. Naturally, we won.

"Tell me," said one, a stranger to the era, "what ever happened to that dreadful little man with the mustache?"

"O, he's doing very well" replied the other, who spoke German with a British accent. "He's quite successful at last; has a fine interior decorating business in Vienna."

"Ummm. And what of the ugly fat one?"

"He's doing all right, too. He has a commercial airline in S America."

"And the vicious little club foot. What of him?"

"He has a newspaper in Somaliland."

"Well, well" the stranger observed. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"I?" said the one who spoke German with a British accent.

"O, I am Lord Hess, of London."

—MARCIA WINN, *Chicago Tribune*.

FREEDOM—From Want

All of the good in this world came from want, and now our planners want to give us freedom from want. —Brady (Tex) *Standard*.

GAMBLING

You never win in gambling when you really need the money.—GEO JESSEL, *So Help Me* (Random).

GOD—as Protector

A little boy, saying his prayers, had his mind centered on the talk of his parents, concerning our troubled times in a world at war. Having prayed for everything and everybody he could remember, the lad concluded: "And, please, God, take care of Yourself. If anything should happen to You, we'd all be sunk."

"To An Unknown God"

Occasionally a book appears which, in its own era, is recognized and earmarked for posterity. Such a work was *The Nazarene*, the novel which SHOLEM ASCH based on the life of Christ. Now, in *The Apostle*, (Putnam, \$3.) the author has performed a similar service for St. Paul. If it is not so great a book, the reason lies in the subject, rather than in the treatment Dr Asch has given it. This is a rich, authoritative biographical novel of a fascinating character. It deserves the niche promptly attained on best-seller lists.

SHOLEM ASCH was born in Poland in 1880; was educated in Hebrew schools and in the Rabbinical college of Poland. He came to the U S in 1914, was naturalized in 1920, and now lives at Stamford, Conn. *The Apostle*, like the author's earlier books, was written in Yiddish, translated into German, and thence into English. The character names (example: Yeshua, for Jesus) are Yiddish, not German, as commonly believed.

This excerpt tells the familiar story of Paul's journey toward Athens:

As Paul strode Athensward he could make out, on either side of the road, thru the swirling, stinging dust, one temple after another. For the most part the temples were empty, deserted. Here and there, on the steps, or before an altar, stood a lonely priest swinging a bell. . . . There was such a superfluity of temples between Piraeus and Athens that with the best will in the world the travelers could not have given them a noticeable quota of worshipers. And so it seemed to the apostle that he was walking not between temples, but rather in a cemetery of forgotten divinities. . . .

As he walked, he perceived among the statues of the gods and goddesses one altar which seemed abandoned and forlorn more than any other altar he had seen so far. It was thickly covered with the dust which rose from the feet of passing beasts of burden. Paul, who, like every pious Jew, avoided the sight of idols and kept his eyes lowered when he passed by them, could not avoid the sight of this altar. Its desolation seemed suddenly to speak to him, and a power which he could not understand impelled him to turn aside from his path and approach the altar. No image, no likeness of god or goddess, adorned its sides or stood upon a pillar near by. And Paul was filled with wonder, and asked himself who had erected this stone altar, and for whom. He drew near. On the side of the altar there was a brief inscription. He bent down to read the half-obliterated words, and they were these:

"To an unknown god."

"See you not what has happened in Rome? The more they burn the believers in the Messiah, the more they fling them to the beasts, the mightier grow their numbers. Behold! Rome went forth against Jerusalem with the sword, and Jerusalem went forth against Rome with the spirit. The sword conquered for a while, but the spirit conquers for ever!"

Paul stood astounded. What was this humble, anonymous altar in the midst of the vast and opulent temples of Ares and Zeus and Aphrodite? What was this forlorn and modest tribute to an unknown god? And suddenly it was as if a light had burst upon him from within, and as though a sign had been given, the answer to the prayer which he had just uttered in his heart.

"No!" he cried. "Not to an unknown god. But to the unknown God." So Paul corrected in his mind the faded lettering.

Then he saw what he had not seen before. On one corner of the altar lay a tiny wreath of fresh flowers, and somehow he was convinced that this was the wreath which he had seen in the hand of one of the women grouped about the well. His heart blossomed in him, and he lifted his eyes again and cried out:

"See, O God, it is Thee, and Thee alone, that they seek in their blindness. Even when they worship the idols, it is to Thee that their hearts are turned."



Obstacles to "Basic" — WILLARD THORP (Prof of English & American Lit, Princeton U) *Sat Rev of Lit*, 10-2-'43.

Basic English has none of the freakish characteristics of Esperanto and similar invented languages. What differentiates it from other universal languages is that it is not a dead end, but leads directly to higher levels of expression in English.

It happens that English already comes as near being a universal language as any spoken. But anyone who has glanced at an English grammar prepared for the use of foreigners knows that while a few pages suffice to explain the simple syntax of the language, a hundred are required to make even a beginning with bewildering homonyms and synonyms, inconsistent pronunciations, the baffling verbals. To the foreigner it must seem there are so many exceptions to the rule, there cannot be said to be any rules. . . .

But will the Russians or the Chinese or the Spanish-speaking peoples be willing to see English become a real world language? Their post-war nationalism might be sensitive to Anglo-American encroachment. It seems to us who speak English, and who recognize the great work the exploiters of Basic have done, very reasonable that Basic should be taught on the Amazon and Yangtze, but will it seem so to Brazilians and Chinese?

Another situation: the inertia of teachers of English. And is it going to seem natural and necessary to those who prepare public documents which must reach lowest levels of intelligence to learn to think and write Basic? We learn a foreign tongue because of necessity to understand what is written in that language, but the necessity for learning Basic is not so self-evident.

News of the New

FOOD: Newest and best of the meat tenderizers is bromalin, fashioned from pineapple juice. It is a brown powder. Sprinkled on tough steak and pounded in, it tenderizes the meat to a degree where it may be readily cut with a fork. Only rub: difficulty in obtaining sufficient quantity of pineapples.

" "

INVENTIONS: With baby bugles practically off the market, newest is the "baby basket"—a strip of canvas, which is looped over and held by handles at the end to form a basket. Contains no wheels, rubber or precious metals.

" "

PRODUCTS: Pa State college scientists report in common farweed a source of vegetable oil that may provide sub for rapeseed oil formerly imported from Japan at rate of ten million lbs a yr. It is used in blending lubricants for high temperature work, and in paints and varnishes.

By next season you'll have plastic garden hose. New product is more durable, will withstand higher water pressure than rubber, at about half the weight. It is unaffected by oil or solvents that ruin rubber. Yes, it's higher priced!

" "

SURGERY: A little has been heard in this country concerning the "chessboard" technique of skin-grafting as developed by Dr. Garro, the Spanish surgeon, now operating at an emergency hospital in England. An issue of the *British Medical Journal*, just rec'd here, gives more particulars. Piece of skin is cut from donor area, laid raw side up on sterile, stiff, sticky paper. Skin and paper then cut vertically into strips. These are placed, at desired distance apart, on another piece of sticky paper, and then are cut horizontally into strips about same size as first strips. Result: strips of paper with square grafts well spread, evenly spaced. These can be arranged in any design, but "chessboard" pattern is easy to arrange; very even in distribution. Method is an improvement over usual "pinch graft" technique.

Turn About

This note, in obvious parody, appeared mysteriously on the bulletin board of the Senate press gallery:

"Members of the senate press gallery will conduct an executive session behind closed doors on Oct. 10. All doors will be locked and guarded. Senators will not be admitted and will be limited to only such information as they can obtain from the customary leaks. However, senators are requested to check with censorship before using any of the information obtained, as national security may be involved in some of the material.—From an AP dispatch.

INGENUITY—Soldiers

American doughboys in Iran have found a good way to dodge m-p's, get out of camp at night. They take advantage of Mohammedan custom of veiling their women; slip on a full-length cover-all veil. M-p's have been instructed to protect Iranian women, don't dare take the liberty of stopping a veiled figure.—DREW PEARSON, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

LANGUAGE

An ad man tells of a client who objected to the phrase "niggardly buying power" on ground that it might arouse suspicion of racial prejudice!—*Iron Age*.

LITERATURE—Juvenile

Comic-book publishers early discovered youngsters don't want sex. The duty of a comic-book heroine is to fight for her boy friend, and not beguile. In better books, she is about as sexy as the Statue of Liberty. Once in awhile she may embrace the hero, but the emotional effect is about as stimulating as a flash of the late Tom Mix kissing his horse.—ROB'T FRANCIS, "The Comic-Book Age", *American Legion Mag*, 10-'43.

MARRIED LIFE

"I hold with making a man toe the line, but it doesn't do any good making him jump thru hoops for you. He'll begin to feel like a monkey, and that will lead to monkey business."—A Mother's counsel to her marriageable daughter.—ALBERT E IDELL, *Centennial Summer* (Holt).

Confidentially thru a Megaphone

If you hear weeping and gnashing of teeth these fine autumn days, it may be a neighboring Nimrod, anguishing in his futile frustration. Confronted by the most bountiful game crop in many a year, he's handicapped by severe shortage of ammunition. In many localities, shotgun shells just ain't to be had. Farmers are being given priority on the scanty stocks (to keep down rodents and birds harmful to crops). Thus many a mighty hunter may be observed wooing the amiable agriculturist. There's quite a bit of bootlegging. And those who hoarded stocks can just about name their own price. Shooting galleries, too, are hard hit. Some have been driven to advertise for 22 shorts, offering 75c a box (normal price: 2 for 25c).

Paper industry is now paying a bitter price for last yr's mismanagement. As result of whopping promotion program, kids garnered countless tons of waste paper which dealers, temporarily glutted, refused to handle. Word got about that paper was no longer needed. Now, the mills want that waste paper—badly. About a third of paper produced today is from waste, and with the present acute shortage of wood pulp, that percentage might be pushed up to half. But disillusioned youngsters aren't responding to the salvage plea. "Getting waste-paper" says an industry spokesman "isn't a matter of manpower, but child power." Tell your boy or girl that it's again patriotic to gather wastepaper.

Nineteen Methodist ministers in a mid-western city have volunteered to work one day a wk as orderlies in local hospitals, thus relieving labor shortage that threatens a vital community service.

In Cincinnati, the other day, a man stepped up to the marriage license counter—and fainted dead away. His occupation: an Army paratrooper!

PASTIMES—Nazi

Reporting on a visit to a party school, where 60 young girls were being trained as "gauleiterinnen" (female district leaders) of the Youth Storm Troops, editor of the Dutch-Nazi party daily, *Nationale Dagblad*, wrote:

"We were particularly struck by the punctuality and discipline that ruled supreme. . . . Some brawls do occur among the girls, tho we saw fewer black eyes and bruises than is usual in our camps for men. The only outstanding event was a conspiracy by a number of girls to kill the school principal. However, their plot failed, and the school became a most unpleasant place for the youthful would-be murderers." —*Netherlands News*, 9-25-'43.



"Old gossips are usually young flirts gone to seed."—BASFORD " " "

"Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving out wordy evidence of the fact."

—GEO ELIOT " " " "There is only one rule for being a good talker: learn to listen."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY " " " "Anger is a wind which blows out the lamp of the mind."—

ROB'T INGERSOLL.

RATIONING—Evasion

I had never heard of the Dr, who lived 50 mi away. Instead of signing his name, 'John J Masters, M D,' he signed it, 'Dr John J Masters'. He wrote that a member of the Timmons family must be driven to his office once a wk for treatment, and asked that they be given gasoline. I telephoned the family. A woman answered and said yes, Mary Jane had to be taken to the Dr every wk.

"Is Mary Jane your daughter?" I asked.

"No," she confessed, "She's our collie!"— "Diary of an OPA Rationer", *American*, 11-'43.

American Scene

Beware the Phony Officer!

Impersonators, confidence men, tricksters have taken advantage of war conditions to fleece an unsuspecting public of many thousands of dollars, according to Spencer J Drayton, Chicago head of FBI. One of the bureau's chief war-time problems is dealing with the army of impersonators — phony FBI agents, army and navy officers—many of whom seek to commit sabotage or obtain confidential information that might endanger our war drive.

There's the case of a swashbuckling adventurer whose transcontinental philanderings won the hearts of several matrons before he was seized by FBI agents and sent to prison for four yrs. His name is John Philip Matthews, and his aliases were as numerous as the tales he told his female victims. Posing as an FBI agent, he obtained large sums of money and an expensive ring from one woman. From another he obtained \$3,200.

Many avenues of approach have been opened for uniformed pretenders. A loud-talking little fellow was seized by FBI agents in Chicago recently while posing as an RAF squadron leader. He thrilled listeners by describing his part in the big Cologne raid on May 30, 1942, in which he said he personally accounted for 17 Nazi planes.

In Washington, D C, a pompous "general" requisitioned an official army car with chauffeur—to go job hunting around the capital. He had no army connections and was arrested on impersonation charges.

Pseudo military and naval officers often obtain privileges and enjoy courtesies that bona fide officers never can command, Drayton says.

One "phony" followed the practice of scanning society columns to learn of prominent families having

sons overseas. He would call on a selected couple and represent himself as a close friend of their son. He would tell the family he had just ret'd from the front where their son was fighting. After telling a few tall tales of the son's exploits, he would be invited to stay with the family, where he would enjoy the attentions accorded a returned war hero. Before departing, he would announce that his army pay checks had not caught up with him. Then came the inevitable "touch".

Men have no monopoly on the impersonation racket, Drayton said. He cited the case of a 28-yr-old Chicago woman, posing as a navy nurse, who regaled listeners in Kansas City with imaginary experiences during bombing attacks in the Pacific.

An attractive 18-yr-old girl was seized by FBI in N Y a few mo's ago. On false statements, she purchased a female variation of a naval lieutenant's uniform and, at home, described to her awe-struck parents how she became a ferry pilot for the navy, took bombers to Africa and Alaska, performed mysterious secret missions and transported navy officials.

Why do they do it? Vanity and opportunity for financial gain. A factor that makes impersonation a big headache for FBI is that many persons are willing to accept a uniform and insignia at face value, without questioning the legitimacy of the wearer.

"Citizens should stop, look and question before accepting the word of a man simply because he happens to wear a uniform" says Drayton. "Scrutinize his credentials closely. If he is a genuine officer, he will expect it. If there is doubt as to his authenticity, go to the nearest telephone and call FBI."—Abridged from *Chicago Tribune*.

ULTIMATE

One of our local columnists reports a glamour boy so ritzy that

he insisted on having an unlisted draft number.—JIMMIE FIDLER, Hollywood columnist.

GEMS FROM Yesterday

The Soul in Death
CYRUS

While the Greek historian, XENOPHON, in his narrative, *Anabasis*, attributes this moving passage to the warrior CYRUS, and declares that the message was given on his deathbed, it is probable that the actual words, are those of the historian. They are of about the period 400 B C, and attest that immortality is one of the oldest of man's instinctive beliefs.

Do not suppose, my dearest sons, that when I have left you I shall be nowhere and no one. Even when I was with you, you did not see my soul, but knew that it was in this body. Believe then that it is still the same, even tho you see it not. The honors paid to illustrious men had not continued to exist after their death, had the souls of these men not done something to make us retain our recollection of them.

For myself, I never could be persuaded that souls while in mortal bodies were alive, and died directly they left them; nor, in fact, that the soul only lost all intelligence when it left the unintelligent body. I believe rather that when, by being liberated from all corporeal admixture, it has begun to be pure and undefiled, it is then that it becomes wise. When man's natural frame is resolved into its elements by death, each of the other elements go to the place from which they came: but the soul alone is invisible alike when present and when departing.

Nothing is so like death as sleep. And yet it is in sleepers that souls most clearly reveal their divine nature; for they foresee many events when allowed to escape. This shows what they are likely to be when completely freed.

Wherefore, if these things are so, obey me as a god. But if my soul is to perish with my body, nevertheless do you from awe of the gods, who guard and govern this fair universe, preserve my memory by the loyalty and piety of your lives.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

CARL VANDOREN
Author & Historian

A good many yrs ago, in the days of my early youth, on an Ill farm, I was preparing one autumn to attend a nearby carnival.

One of our hired men suggested that I was now coming of an age when it was no longer fit and proper that I should visit such places of amusement without benefit of feminine companionship.

"Why 'n't you ask one o' the gals hereabouts t' go with y'?" he inquired.

I replied that I was awkward and unschooled in the art of persuading females. "I wouldn't know" I confessed "how to ask 'em."

It was then that this sage philosopher gave me counsel I have sought ever to remember:

"Heck, bub" he said, "there ain't no *wrong* way!"

Two U S soldiers, sightseeing in London, were walking down Whitehall. They wanted to see the War Office but did not know on which side of the street to look. They hailed a passing Tommy and asked: "Which side is the War Office on?"

The Tommy thought hard for a moment, then replied, "Gorblimey! Ours, I think!"

A girl in a crowded bus, remarked quite audibly to a friend standing by her side:

"O, dear, I wish that good-looking man would give me his seat!"

And five men promptly got up!—*The Crown, h m Crown Cork & Seal Co.*

On a state visit to Bismarck, Benjamin Disraeli, the great statesman, observed that the Iron Chancellor always managed to get rid of unwelcome visitors quickly. He asked Bismarck the secret.

"Nothing is more simple," said Bismarck. "When my wife thinks people have wasted enough of my time, she tells my valet to come and inform me that the Emperor wishes to see me immediately. That always works admirably."

There was a knock at the door, the valet entered and spoke: "His Majesty wishes to speak to Your Highness."—*Read.*

WISECRACKS of the Week

Everyone can give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, and another by going out.—*MAUDE WARRENDEN, Liberty.*

" " "It's the folks who sit around waiting for an opening who get into a hole.—*N Y World-Telegram.*

" " "The navy says in order to transport troops and supplies, we need to launch more bottoms. We need to kick some, too.—*Judge.*

" " "Our fighters are ALLIES
Our enemies are ALL LIES—
We gave 'em the extra "L"—

—*GENE REDEWILL*

Teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Taking a half-dollar from her purse, she tossed it on the desk, said: "And now, children, what is that?"

Instantly a voice from the front row answered, "Tails!"

